



Jack -- An Alternative History Deadworld

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History

1888. London. The very heart of the British Empire.

Britain leads the world in technological progress, and the world map is painted in the red ink of the Empire. Newspapers constantly report the innovations of inventors and the exploits of explorers, who are pushing back boundaries both geographically and scientifically. In the eyes of the world, the success of the country is reflected in the pride of the people for its Queen, and many are heard to say that "the sun never sets on the British Empire."

But all is not as it seems. While the wealthy eat well in their city houses, the poor starve on the streets, destitute and ignored; their population constantly swollen by those starving in the countryside who now seek the roads of London which are "paved with gold." Crime is rife and the poorer areas of the city pose great dangers for newcomers and the unwary. There is an air of dissatisfaction in the city. The Queen's long absence from the public eye following the death of her husband Prince Albert in 1861 has been unpopular with the lower classes, who feel abandoned and mistreated by those who would rule them.

Change is coming.

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Any of the Archetypes presented in the **All Flesh Must Be Eaten** rulebook may be used in this setting. The following additional Archetypes are specific to Jack.

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(You must be able to read .rtf files)



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Background

In the filthy murk of London's fogs there is a murderer. The gas lit roads of Whitechapel have echoed with the screams of women.

The killer is clever. Among the darkened streets he has committed his crimes unwitnessed. He has victimized the weak, the poor and neglected, targeting the women who ply their trade by night. His victims have led him willingly to the shadows of yards, doorways and alleys, where they could conduct their "business" undisturbed. Here he has killed them, mutilated them and, for incomprehensible reasons, stolen parts of them.

Newspapers report these horrific crimes with sick glee (headlines scream reports of "Jack the Ripper," "Whitechapel Jack" and such, further masking the identity of the murderer) whilst simultaneously baying for justice and results from a police force that is chasing a shadow.

The police have no clues. They have no evidence. And someone is stealing the bodies.



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Zombie Master Information

The Royal Physician is on the brink of exhaustion. Since Prince Albert died 27 years ago he has worked tirelessly to maintain the Queen's health. At first the depression had to be attended to, later the melancholy. Trapped between the need to treat his beloved Queen, and the needs of the State (from lessons learned in George III's reign) to preserve the image and dignity of Victoria, and in turn the aristocracy, he has kept the knowledge of her ailing mental health limited to a few close advisors.

By the time the unknown disease had taken hold, he discovered that it was untreatable. Victoria is close to death. She lies on her death bed, vital organs failing.

Where one problem could be "shored up," another would take its place. Advisors apply pressure to the physician -- Victoria, the State, must be preserved.

Recognizing that the only option is the transplant of organs, and knowing these would have to be fresh, the Royal Physician works tirelessly, day and night, to find a way to preserve organs long enough to be able to transplant them into the Queen.

If there were a way to keep the individual cells alive, functioning without the brain's commands, the organs could be kept fresh enough to place in a new host. Secretively he develops a formula, a biochemical serum, that does just this. But it is not perfect. There is no time. The Queen lies dying, her heart failing minute by minute.

The Royal Physician takes a chance. A serving girl disappears that night.

(She is later found in the Thames, floating face down, her heart removed with surgical precision. The three "wharf rats" who discovered her body never recognized this; they simply robbed the corpse of anything of value).

Three days later the Queen awakens in new health in the morning.

On the banks of the Thames, so does a former serving girl, whose body has recovered from the systemic shock. She lurches to her feet, caked in the mud and filth of the river, and staggers through the perpetual fog, into the rough streets of the East End. Her body and brain have but one desire. To feed.

In an alleyway, between taverns in the Dock district, she catches the attention of a sailor, who feels the need of some evening entertainment. In the thick "pea souper," he is blind to the girl's appearance, and to the mutilated bodies further back in the alley, until it is too late. He is not prepared for the strength of the girl.

Minutes later she staggers out of the alley and wanders, still hungry, along the East End streets.

Three nights later four sailors emerge from the alley, and "drunkenly" weave their way in different directions. They are hungry.

Meanwhile, the Royal Physician has become a driven man. The Queen's physical health continues to improve, and many congratulations are conveyed to the doctor.

But he remains confused; organs previously failing appear to be healing. The heart appears to be lending strength to the rest of the body. But the Queen's mind is not as sharp as it used to be.

Her behavior has changed. Become erratic. Aggressive. Hungering.

What has he done?

Ministers begin to hide the Queen from all eyes. She becomes violent, almost mindlessly so. The physical recovery has been matched only by a mental weakening. The Queen was always abrasive, but she never used to bite.

During this weakening, though, she shows periods of lucidity and it is then that she receives visitors -- those that can not be turned away; ambassadors, ministers and the royalty of Europe were granted private audiences. They all ended up the same way.

The attacks on these visitors are immediately covered up. They are returned home from their visits very much changed by their experience of meeting Victoria. They return to their respective countries in a fever, but later woke from their delirium. Erratic. Aggressive. Hungering.

The fragile mind of the Royal Physician breaks with the realization of what he has done.

He must aid the Queen! More transplant parts are needed.

To take from the Palace again would be incomprehensible. But the East End. Who would miss a body from the East End?

The Royal Physician goes to work.

For Queen and country.



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Zombie Master Notes

So, a zombie infection spreads through the lower classes of London at a rampant rate, while being more insidiously spread (and covered up) by the aristocracy across Europe.

Hopefully the Cast will have little chance of stopping the "rise" itself. Where lower class games would focus on the stopping of the zombies, they will be unaware of its spread through the European upper classes (a slow but inexorable spread). Should they eventually track the problem back to Victoria, it might be interesting to see the Cast plot a bit of Regicide.

In a similar way, the ministers and palace attendants have little interest in the events in the East End. By the time they begin to suspect, the "rise" should be well underway.

The Cast that has the best hope of affecting the "rise" would be Law characters, who in theory could move between the two "rise" scenarios. Have them come up against all sorts of blocks by the Palace and gossip from the staff. The direct threat should come from the East End, and the apprehending of Jack, and ZMs would be well advised not to let on that

Victoria is affected at all.

That would just spoil their reward when, for their heroic efforts (and for knowing too much), they are granted a private audience with the Zombie Queen herself . . .

A Tour of East End

Let's take a little look at London.

Now that the Industrial Revolution is in full swing, London has swollen to an enormous size. Most of those who have come to the city have done so to find work that does not exist. Many who have come to London have ended up in the East End, and are no doubt regretting it.

The East End is wholly unfit for living. As the lower classes have moved in, everyone else has moved out. And so has the money. In their place have sprung up pokey, badly built, back to back housing, placed on incredibly narrow streets. Here a worker coming to the city can frequently expect to share a house with another family or two. With unclean water supplies and inadequate sewer systems waste either accumulates on the filthy streets or is washed directly into the Thames. Outbreaks of cholera and typhoid are common here, and many desperately strive just to exist.

Where so many of the poor and mistreated gather, crime follows quickly, and it is a growing problem, increasingly difficult to police. Around fifty percent of the population currently live in poverty here in the East End, but at least they have options.

There is the workhouse or factory, essentially the equivalent of slavery, where man, woman or child can work for in excess of fourteen hours a day for little to no pay.

There is crime, but with particularly brutal punishments (hanging is no longer as common as it once was but is still the penalty for serious crime; minor crimes see long imprisonment where hard labor and whipping await the convicts) have come particularly brutal criminals. More than one body has ended up in the Thames, stripped of all valuables. In the East End a belt buckle, a shoe or a coat fetches a higher value than a human life.

And hanging over it all, the wretched fog, that hides so much from the eyes of the world . . .

Reference Material

Start with Charles Dickens (yes, I know, you thought you'd left him behind with your Lit classes). Responsible for highlighting many of the social problems within the Late Victorian Period, his books are crammed with detail for this period. *Oliver Twist* deals with the poorhouses, *Our Mutual Friend* begins with a father and daughter rowing the Thames in search of dead bodies, which having been picked clean, were handed over to the police. Likewise, Arthur Conan Doyle is useful as Sherlock Holmes often took his investigations through the city (the similarity between Holmes and the Private Eye Archetype can't have gone unnoticed).

John Fowles' *The French Lieutenant's Woman* describes London's underbelly in the later chapters (or you could, of course, just rent the video). *The Anubis Gates* by Tim Powers is excellent (and well worth a read whether you plan to play this setting or not). Alan Moore's comic *From Hell* is also extremely well worth a look (again, you could just watch the film).

For a more stylish take on Victorian London watching *Bram Stoker's Dracula* is time well spent (with the Doctor Archetype owing much to this film). While not Victorian, *The Madness of King George* is a great resource showing how much trouble was taken to cover the inadequacies of the crown, and Queen Victoria is well represented in *Mrs. Brown*.

Useful gaming products can be found in *Space 1889*, as well as *Castle Falkenstein*, but these may take things in a more fantastical direction. The best possible resource would be *Cthulhu by Gaslight*, which aside from containing more historical detail for a campaign than you can shake a rotting limb at, definitely has a better bibliography section than you'll find here.

Hope this helps. Enjoy.



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Jack

Str 3 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 4 Per 2 Wil 2

LPs 33

EPs 26

Spd 10

Essence 16

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Palace) 3 (3)

Hard to Kill 1 (1)

Resources (Well-off) (4)

Secret (-3)

Zealot (-3)

Skills

Acting 1

Disguise 1

First Aid 3

Hand Weapon (Knife) 3

Instruction 3

Medicine (Surgery) 5

Notice 2

Research 3

Run (Dash) 1

Science (Biology) 4

Science (Chemistry) 3

Stealth 1

Note: Some of these skills are new to "Jack," hence their relatively low values. Also consider that the skills in the Sciences reflect his knowledge of science in the Victorian age, not the modern one.

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Jack's Serum

A complicated fast acting, formula (biochemical in composition), Jack's Serum is designed to keep cells animated independently from the brain. The haste in which it was created did not allow for the refinement needed to target individual cell types, and as such affects them all with the exception of the brain itself. Separate parts are animated, but need time (approximately three days) to find a way to work with each other around any losses they may have incurred (with organs missing) or without the central direction of the brain itself.

Direct injection of the Serum acts as a highly effective poison, killing the brain pretty much instantly, whilst the major organs are kept "alive." The serum later filter its way through the body, reanimating cells as it goes. This leads to "twitchy" zombies initially, but as the serum begins to find paths in the body, the zombie becomes stronger and more coordinated.

Any parts transplanted from serum-injected body carry their own supply of serum to the new host, which begins to adapt to and corrupt the new body, lending it strength, but weakening, and ultimately killing, the brain. Similarly the Serum can be carried through body fluids (blood, saliva, etc.), causing the victim of the Serum to grow steadily physically stronger, but progressively mentally weaker.

The "new" cells need energy and protein to maintain themselves, and this requires food.

If you want to submit some new equipment, please [submit](#) them to us.



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Jack's Zombies

Having been bitten and killed by a zombie, a Fresh Serum Zombie rises in around three days. Initially weak, they grow stronger in another 3-5 days, evolving into a Advanced Serum Zombie. Victims of a transplant, or survivors of a bite attack mentally deteriorate until brain death when they rise as Advanced Serum Zombies.

Fresh Serum Zombie

Str 2 Dex 1 Con 2
Int -2 Per 2 Wil 2
DPs n/a
EPs n/a
Spd 2
Essence 7

Skills
 Brawling 2

Attacks
 Bite damage D4 x 2(4)

Weak Spot
 None

Getting Around
 Slow and Steady

Strength
 Dead Joe Average

Senses
 Like the Living

Sustenance
 Daily; All Flesh Must Be Eaten

Intelligence
 Dumb As Dead Wood

Spreading the Love
 Special

Power: 18

Spreading the Love: One Bite and You're Hooked

Advanced Serum Zombie

Str 4 Dex 2 Con 2
Int -2 Per 2 Wil 2
DPs n/a
EPs n/a
Spd 4
Essence 10

Skills
 Brawling 2

Attacks
 Bite damage D4 x 2(4)

Weak Spot
 None

Getting Around
 Life Like

Strength
 Like Bull

Senses
 Like the Living

Sustenance
 Daily; All Flesh Must Be Eaten

Intelligence
 Dumb As Dead Wood

Spreading the Love
 Special

Power: 26

Spreading the Love: One Bite and You're Hooked

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The Law Story Ideas

The Cast play the parts of the police. There is a killer in Whitechapel that needs catching. The characters are responsible for tracking and trapping the killer through the opium and absinthe dens of Victorian London.

The Cast are charged with finding the person responsible for body snatching the murder victims. Police are puzzled by the apparent "locked room" scenarios where the only explanation for the missing body is that it walked out of its own volition.

Violent attacks in the East End are growing in number. An area largely left to its own devices by the police, The Cast are to find the cause of these attacks and bring the perpetrators to justice.

Character Archetypes

The Doctor

"A disease? A mania? It is high time to get to the bottom of this mystery."

Private Eye

"I am one of the greatest minds in the Empire! Who here will try to challenge my wits?"

Peeler

"Ah The East End all the filth and muck end up'ere eventually."

Scotland Yard Inspector

"Well, what're you waiting for? Move gentlemen! I've seen more life in a grave!"



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Doctor Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 4 Per 2 Wil 3

LPs 26

EPs 26

Spd 8

Essence 15

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Morphine) (-3)

Contacts (Medical Profession) 2 (2)

Resources (Middle-Class) (2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Dodge 2

First Aid 3

Hand Weapon (Club) 1

Hand Weapon (Knife/Scalpel) 2

Humanities (Natural History) 2

Humanities (Psychology) 1

Instruction 1

Medicine 4

Notice 3

Research/Investigation 2

Riding (Horse) 3

Science (Biology) 3

Unconventional Medicine (Experimental) 1

Writing (Academic) 2

Gear

Medical Bag (syringes, morphine, various common medicines).

Personality

No one at the asylum was prepared for our new patient, not even myself. I have never seen the like; it took four of the good constables and two of my burliest orderlies to drag her into the cell. Kicking, clawing and biting she was, clearly in the throes of some mania.

It is the eeriest thing -- even now in my office I can feel her watching me. Almost hungrily it seems.

I have had no luck in diagnosing her problem, and consultations with colleagues have revealed little. They too have been dealing with a growing number of cases afflicted with this mania; all of which have been picked up in the East End.

Clearly there is a larger pattern at work here, and time for a more detailed examination. I have ordered the orderlies to prepare the cage for her head. She has been most difficult to diagnose since no one, including myself has been able to get near her.

Her strength is quite prodigious, her energy nearly inexhaustible. I have yet to see her sleep. She refuses to communicate in anything other than that incessant moaning (that I confess chills me more than the ranting of the other patients) and she refuses to eat more than a mouthful of anything given her (though one orderly claims that she has bitten into the rats which seem drawn to her cell). Her frequent lunges and bites to the staff have resulted in several of my orderlies taking to their beds ill.

Quote

"A disease? A mania? It is high time to get to the bottom of this mystery."

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Private Eye

Norm

Str 1 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 4 Per 4 Wil 3

LPs 22

EPs 23

Spd 8

Essence 16

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Police) 2 (2)

Delusions of Grandeur (The Greatest Mind in the Empire) (-1)

Honorable (-2)

Photographic Memory (2)

Status (1)

Showoff (-2)

Skills

Disguise 1

Dodge 2

First Aid 1

Hand Weapon (Foil/Rapier) 1

Humanities (Law) 2

Humanities (Psychology) 1

Notice 4

Questioning 2

Research/Investigation 2

Riding (Horse) 1

Running (Dash) 1

Science (Biology) 2

Science (Chemistry) 2

Science (Physics) 2

Smooth Talking 2

Surveillance 2

Tracking 2

Gear

Sword Cane, Pipe and Tobacco, Notebook, Magnifying Glass

Personality

There are few mysteries that have beaten me, there really are. But I am at a loss to explain this one, I really am.

A "locked room" mystery to perplex even the greatest mind in England.

Where to start?

I suppose I should start with the body.

I was called in to examine, in a preliminary way, one of "Whitechapel Jack's" victims.

The strangest case. "Mutilated" the press called it, but that I surmise would be the work of someone at the Yard, for no mutilation was this. The cuts were made with such precision, such exactitude, that even a cursory examination revealed that much. No hacking knife, no furious stab of a violent scoundrel was this, but the work of a master of the medical arts.

There was more to this crime than met the eye, and much to be considered, many layers to be revealed. The work of an undertaker? An abbatoirist? I would need to make a more complete examination with a doctor present if I were to garner clues enough to capture the elusive "Jack the Ripper."

Such an important case then, that I met with astonishment the news that the body was missing. "Walked of it's own accord" indeed! With witnesses gathered from the nearest opium den I have been left with few clues. One thing was clear though -- "Whitechapel Jack" had returned for his victim.

So now I chase a murderer and a body thief. The clues point to the East End; the very home of iniquity. There we shall see who has dared commit such heinous crimes.

There we shall see who has dared pit their wits against one of the greatest minds of the Empire!

Quote

"I am one of the greatest minds in the Empire! Who here will try to challenge my wits?"

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"Peeler"

Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 3
Int 2 Per 3 Wil 2
LPs 39
EPs 26
Spd 10
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Fast Reaction Time (2)
Honorable (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)
Hard to Kill 3 (3)

Skills

Brawling 3
Dodge 3
Hand Weapon (Club) 2
Humanities (Law) 2
Intimidation 3
Notice 3
Questioning 3
Running (Dash) 3
Stealth 2
Surveillance 2
Tracking 2

Gear

Uniform, Whistle, Truncheon/Small Club

Personality

The East End.

All the filth and muck ends up 'ere eventually.

Thievery, murder and worse. It all 'appens 'ere. Not that you can see it, mind. It seems like the very city is 'elping the criminals, what with the blanket of fog it lays down each night.

And now this Ripper fella.

So we've doubled the watch and patrols, all of us keepin' our eyes peeled and word 'as it the Yard is under pressure for results. A "priority" they's callin' it. Not 'ere though. Not walkin' through these streets.

There's far worse afoot.

I seen 'em. Figures movin' through the murk, bodies lyin' in the alleys. Chewed they is, but not from the rats.

"Whitechapel Jack" ain't the only maniac workin' his evil 'ere. There're others. Lots of 'em.

And the problem' gettin' worse.

Quote

"Ah The East End all the filth and muck end up'ere eventually."

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Scotland Yard Inspector

Norm

Str 1 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 3 Per 3 Wil 3

LPs 25

EPs 23

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Hard to Kill 1 (1)

Honorable (-2)

Resources (Middle Class) (2)

Situational Awareness (2), Status (2)

Skills

Brawling 2

Bureaucracy 2

Dodge 2

Guns (Revolver) 2

Hand Weapon (Club) 2

Humanities (Law) 3

Intimidation 3

Notice 3

Questioning 3

Running (Dash) 2

Streetwise 3

Tracking 2

Writing (Reports) 1

Gear

Suit, Revolver and Ammo, Whistle, Notebook.

Personality

The message has come down from on high, gentlemen, and now I'm passing it on to you.

Results! That's what we need. The press is all over the Ministry, and now the Ministry is all over me. And in the nature of things, gentlemen, the muck always rolls downhill.

I want this "Whitechapel Jack" caught. It's good for us. It's good for them on high. Good for everyone!

I know there are some strange doings down in the East End, and all of you know there's more to it than meets the eye. Violent crimes are up, and bodies are appearing (yes, I know disappearing) left, right and centre.

So it's up to you lot. I want the collar felt of all the usual villains and don't you worry none about the evidence. For now suspicion's enough. After all, if they weren't guilty, we wouldn't be suspicious now, would we eh?

Priorities gentlemen. One: this "Ripper" fellow. Two: the thrice damned body snatcher; the one who's made us look such fools. Three: find out what the blazes it is that they're up to in the East End now!?

Quote

"Well, what're you waiting for? Move gentlemen! I've seen more life in a grave!"

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The Palace Story Ideas

Something fishy is going on in the Palace. Gossip abounds that the Queen is ill, and certain ministers and "foreign types" will pay well for "reliable" information from those on the inside. You know the Royal Physician has been in attendance a lot, and gossip has linked him with the serving girl who so recently went missing (has he had her shipped out of the city after some indiscretion?). The Cast are to find out what they can on anyone or anything that happens at the Palace. It's not really disloyalty -- the truth must be known for the good of England as well.

The Ambassador has come back from London extremely ill, and his behavior has much changed since his return. He has had to be locked up for his own good and for the good of others. Unusual that some of his travel companions have begun to show some of the same symptoms. Was the Ambassador poisoned? No one at Victoria's Royal Court is saying a thing. Something happened and it is up to The Cast to find out. This could mean war.

Character Archetypes

Ambassador

"I will go to any extent to find out any information."

Palace Attendant

"The Palace will run smooth like it always has, as long as I am alive."

Minister

"We must remind the Queen of her duty or there won't be an Empire left."



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Ambassador

Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 4 Per 2 Wil 2

LPs 26

EPs 23

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness 2 (2)

Charisma 3 (3)

Honorable (-2)

Minority (In England; "Foreigner") (-1)

Resources (Wealthy) (6)

Secret (Spy) (-3)

Skills

Bureaucracy 2

Dodge 1

Fine Arts (Painting) 1

Gambling 2

Hand Weapon (Foil/Rapier) 2

Humanities (History) 2

Humanities (Political Science) 3

Language (English) 3 (choose one European language as a native tongue)

Notice 2

Questioning 3

Riding (Horse) 2

Rituals (Royal Courts) 3

Seduction 2

Smooth Talking 2

Gear

Wardrobe of Fine Clothes, Several Rapiers (high quality), Letters/Papers of Identification, Money (in large quantities)

Personality

You are being aware of the Count's visit of course. How could you not be? An important visit; the favorite nephew of the Emperor.

What you may not be of knowing is this: If war is to be averted, what you tell me now is being of the uttermost importance.

The Count came back home a changed man -- an animal by all accounting.

The staff he had left, who ultimately succumbed to the same affliction after several days, related the Count's decline -- his fever, his illness and his mental (how do you be saying) degradation. Our Palace Physicians have traced the illness' roots here, to his stay in the Palace.

Enquiries, then demands, have been made through diplomatic channels, of course, but has your government responded? No. Nothing.

Nothing at all.

So now they are being sending me.

I am aware of your pride in your country. I am aware that many of your fellow countrymen would consider consorting with me treasonous, but what you hear and what you tell me may, indeed, save lives.

Besides, this place is agreeing with me not. The inclement weather, the filthy air, I am knowing not how you can stand it. I am wishing to leave, and leave soon. But I can not be returning until I have the information that I have been sent for.

So here, take this coin.

Find out what you can and arrange to meet me.

I need to know all of the comings and goings of the Court. Leave nothing out.

I am scheduled to meet Her Majesty in a couple of days.

I wish not to be unprepared.

Quote

"I will go to any extent to find out any information."

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Palace Attendant

Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 2 Per 3 Wil 3

LPs 26

EPs 26

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Hearing) (2)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Humorless (-1)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Acting 2

Bureaucracy 3

Dodge 2

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2

Instruction 3

Intimidation 2

Notice 3

Riding (Horse and Carriage) 2

Rituals (Palace) 4

Stealth 3

Surveillance 3

Gear

Servant's Uniform, Timepiece, Many (but not all) Keys for Palace Doors

Personality

The Palace has always been a place of secrets. It's all the history, you see. It buries the truth under layers.

But when you've been here as long as I have, ensuring the smooth running of the place, keeping vigil, you become a part of the Palace, unseen, unheard and unnoticed. Yes, you get to hear things. You get to hear it all.

You gather together the overheard whispers, the glimpse of shadows, the gossip of the "below stairs" staff. And that's when you know something is going on.

Like now for instance.

It's no secret that M'Lady was ill, has been in one way or another since M'Lord passed on (God bless his soul) and no secret that the Royal Physician has worked tirelessly to help Her (the man is a saint!).

But something has happened there. M'Lady's routines have changed. There are no visitors anymore, the stables report Her absence, the kitchens gossip about Her change in diet, there are even rumors about some domestic staff being given special accommodations in some of the empty rooms, and in truth, they are being guarded more closely now.

And then there are the increased visits from these sickly foreign types -- asking questions, bothering the serving staff, peddling their smooth lies among those that should know better. I've seen the surreptitious glances, the furtive gestures.

And with one of the girls missing too. No difficulty in guessing where the guilt lies with her disappearance. The whole thing is quite sordid. The risk to the dignity of the Crown should not be tolerated.

Well, M'Lady has no worries on that score. The smooth running of the Palace has lain within the generations of my family for years.

If something is going on here I will find out.

And put a stop to it.

Quote

"The Palace will run smooth like it always has, as long as I am alive."

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Minister

Norm

Str 1 Dex 2 Con 2
Int 3 Per 3 Wil 3
LPs 22
EPs 23
Spd 8
Essence 26

Qualities/Drawbacks

Artistic Talent (Oratory) (3)
 Charisma (2)
 Covetous (Ambitious) (-2)
 Status (2)

Skills

Acting 2
 Bureaucracy 3
 Gambling 1
 Humanities (History) 2
 Humanities (Law) 3
 Humanities (Political Science) 3
 Notice 3
 Research/Investigation 2
 Riding (Horse) 1
 Rituals (Parliament) 4
 Smooth Talking 3
 Writing (Advocacy) 3

Gear

Fine Suit of Clothes, Timepiece, Horse and Carriage with Driver, Walking Stick (for stately effect), Purse of Money

Personality

I have been turned away for the last time damn it!

This city, no this country, has a problem and it needs its Queen. This melancholy must come to an end. Someone must make her see sense, for the good of the country. If it has to be me, then so be it, but I have to find my way past her "guardians" first.

It's almost as if she is being kept prisoner; "For the Queen's safety," they say. Is there an assassin in the Palace? Is the Queen in danger? Why hasn't Parliament been informed?

Who would attack Her Majesty?

Probably one of the extended family. There's no secret there about their family infighting.

But she has bigger problems. London is in chaos. It's almost lawless in the East End, with the commoners attacking each other and our valiant police force, with a murderer running around making a mockery of the whole system and fuelling the whole mess.

Parliament will pass the laws, but the people still look to the Crown, and there's growing talk of discontent among the workers. If the people learn to get along without the guidance of the Queen, what need is there of the Crown?

It'll be chaos. Anarchy. We stand on the very brink. The people ruling the country!? Preposterous.

So find the Queen. Talk to her. Remind her of her duty. Make her see sense.

If she doesn't quickly take a hand in events, soon there'll be no country to rule.

Quote

"We must remind the Queen of her duty or there won't be an Empire left."

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The Streets Story Ideas

Murder. It's not safe to go out anymore, day or night. But does the government do anything about it? They don't care what happens out here in the East End. Bad enough the crime and conditions that we have to live with here, but now people are disappearing, or being attacked on the streets. There's an epidemic goin' around too. As always, we have to look after our own. Family needs to be protected. Well no more waiting. It's time to take action.

Character Archetypes

Urchin

"Dark in 'ere ain't it?"

Lady of the Night

"This 'Jack' cutting up us girls as if life wasn't dangerous enough."

Tavern Keeper

"This place is going to hell in a hand basket."



Story



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Urchin

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 2
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2
LPs 26
EPs 23
Spd 12
Essence 15

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Criminal) 2 (2)
 Covetous (Greedy) (-2)
 Fast Reaction Time (2)
 Nerves of Steel (3)
 Resources (Miserable) (-8)
 Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Acrobatics 3
 Brawling 2
 Climbing 4
 Dodge 3
 Escapism 1
 Hagglng 2
 Notice 3
 Pick Pocket 3
 Running (Dash) 4
 Running (Marathon) 2
 Stealth 3
 Streetwise 3

Gear

Rags

Personality

Dark in 'ere ain't it?

And they said I were gettin' too big. Said it was against the law. Like the law means much down 'ere in the East End. I've fitted up smaller pipes than this. I know me chimneys, I can tell yer.

Old Salt knows it too. That's probly why 'e kept me on. Now I go down chimneys instead of up 'em. There's rich pickin's for a little fella like me. An' if I need a little extra, then there's always the marks on the street. Tip 'o the cap, "Sweep the street, Sir" and hook the money after they pay.

Oh yes, I've done it all me, an' I know this city like the back o' me 'and. Even Old Salt can 'ave trouble keepin' up wi' me.

I've walked the banks of the river, lifted purses in the markets, ferreted me way in an' out of 'ouses an' across their roofs and sifted through the muck in the sewers for anything that'll shine. Magpie's what Old Salt calls me; 'is 'Little Magpie'. Course, with the fog comin' down it's even easier.

An' I seen some strange stuff of late. Bodies, more n' usual turning up on the banks and in the sewer drains. I worried a bit meself, but the tides seem to take 'em away right sharp. You 'ave to grab what you can get before they're gone. An' folks goin' missin'. Every day now it seems. Some folks say they've taken 'em to the workhouses, but that ain't right. I know 'cause I seen some of 'em. At a distance, like, 'cause they look none too healthy, like they's got a dose or somethin'.

I can still 'ear 'im down there, though 'e ain't makin' much noise, just shufflin' 'round. I can't believe the bleeder ain't called a peeler. An' I can't believe he caught up wi' me. That mark may 'ave been slow, but I swears to God 'imself he'd of pursued me to the very gates of 'ell if I hadn't got up 'ere right smart.

I can understand 'he's upset an' all, but even 'e must understand; a fella's gotta eat.

Quote

"Dark in 'ere ain't it?"

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Lady of the Night

Norm

Str 2 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 2 Per 2 Wil 3

LPs 26

EPs 26

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness 4 (4)

Charisma 3 (3)

Resources (Hurting) (-4)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Resistance (Disease) 1 (1)

Skills

Acting 3

Disguise 2

Dodge 1

Hand Weapon (Knife) 3

Notice 3

Pick Pocket 3

Seduction 4

Singing 2

Smooth Talking 3

Stealth 2

Streetwise 3

Surveillance 1

Gear

Rusty Knife, Cheap French Perfume.

Personality

I've no love for my sister, I'm not ashamed to say it. She got lucky. She got out of here. Up to the Palace. Forgot her past. Left us behind and became Miss High n' Mighty, Miss Hoighty-Toighty. God, she only made the beds.

I never wanted her pulled out the Thames though. I asked and I asked and would anyone tell me anything; how she ended up there, why she was all cut up? Why would they?

But I knows.

That "Jack."

Cutting up us girls. As if life wasn't dangerous enough down here, with bodies showing up in all the decent spots.

I'd bet all I have that it's some bored, rich fella from up West. Come down to the East End for a fumble in the shadows and don't want his wife to find out.

But I'm ready for him. There's two can play the hiding in shadows game. I'm going to lure that maniac out and then I'm going to gut him like a fish. And when all's done and I've got the reward and one of them fancy print dresses, I'm gonna take a walk up West.

I hear there's a vacancy going at the Palace.

Quote

"This "Jack" cutting up us girls as if life wasn't dangerous enough."

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Tavern Keeper

Norm

Str 3 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 2 Per 3 Wil 2

LPs 39

EPs 26

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Alcohol) (-2)

Contacts (Criminal) (2)

Hard to Kill (3)

Honorable (-2)

Resistance (Poison) (1)

Status (East End) 3 (3)

Skills

Brawling 2

Craft (Brewing) 2

Dodge 1

Gambling 3

Guns (Revolver) 2

Haggling 3

Hand Weapon (Club) 4

Intimidation 2

Notice 2

Questioning 3

Storytelling 1

Streetwise 4

Swimming 1

Gear

Revolver, Club

Personality

It's not like the East End has never been a rough area.

Damned government has always turned a blind eye round here, never tooked no notice, and that's been just fine with us. We've raised our families to our own laws; our own rules and codes. We've always sorted our own troubles out, never needed no "bobbies" poking their snouts in.

I've been running a tavern here for God knows how long. A respectable place, well respected anyway, to them sorts that passes through here. There's little I haven't seen, or had pass through me hands, over the years.

"Jack the Ripper?!"

Hardly need none of that "penny dreadful" nonsense when the damned things turn up, regular like, in your own back yard.

This place is going to hell I can tell you.

But not if I can help it. And I know I can.

Leave old "Whitechapel Jack" for the "peelers." There's stranger things afoot around here.

Take that navvie that wandered in the other night. Not the first neither. Took three men to take him down. Dare say they damned near killed him more than once, and him still getting up and coming at them, biting and clawing. Now I seen a lot, but I never seen the like of that. Only stopped him when they brained him with a stool.

Like I said, we work to our own laws here. Pitched the body, and I'll be damned if that navvie didn't stink worse than the Thames itself!

And that's just one of them. These attacks are on the rise, and it's not safe for no one here. But will them in charge do anything?

Oh no. As always it's up to us to find out what's wrong and sort it out.

Quote

"This place is going to hell in a hand basket."

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